

# THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBUS DEUM  
OMNIA COOPERANTUR  
IN BONUM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD  
ALL THINGS  
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Volume VIII  
Number 1

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FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY FR. JOHN FRASER.

## THE FIELD AFAR

Maryknoll:: OSSINING P.O.  
NEW YORK

Issued every month

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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*This paper is designed to make known the new American Seminary for Foreign Missions and the cause for which it stands—the conversion of heathen peoples to Christ.*

*It is published at Maryknoll, Ossining P. O., New York, by the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.*

\* \*



HE FIELD AFAR is not early in extending to its readers best wishes for a blessed 1914, but all who are sending it out, have offered prayers to this end.

God was good to us in 1913 and our readers were the willing—and in many cases active—instruments of His signal Providence. May the new year be to one and all a happy and fruitful one, full of grace and all needed blessings.

\* \*

THE Prize Composition idea has caught in several directions and papers with many interesting arguments are coming to us.

It is a blessed experience to note the awakening of Catholic youth to the thought of foreign missions. We believe that another generation will find the Church in America well to the forefront in truly Catholic effort.

The offer already announced will continue until February 1. (See page 15.)

\* \*

TO the *Republic*, of Boston, we owe many kind words in which we recognize the hand and heart of the gifted editor, Katherine E. Conway.

A recent issue of this popular weekly quotes the *Catholic World's* tribute to THE FIELD AFAR, which has stimulated interest in our work, and the editor of the *Republic* adds:

This is the kind of praise which blesses him who has the discernment to give, as well as him who is favored to receive. Every reader of THE FIELD AFAR will echo it from his heart.

Not alone in seminaries and religious houses is that admirable magazine read. We think this moment of a Catholic layman, head of a little family, who looks for it eagerly and reads every line in it; and, perhaps not less significant, we know jaded editors who forget their weary eyes, five minutes after going to press, in their absorption in its delightful pages.

\* \*

*We ask prayers for the fuller development of a missionary spirit in this country, a goodly number of vocations, and benefactors sufficient to start and to sustain our much-needed enterprise for God and souls.*

\* \*

WE ourselves have been surprised at the spiritual reckoning disclosed in the figures that follow. Often we assure our patrons and ourselves that we are sharing in many Masses, prayers and good works, but here is the statement of a fact that is, or ought to be, a telling one.

We are thankful for this indispensable aid and we believe unhesitatingly that the success we have thus far attained is due in large measure to such co-operation.

We are anxious now to keep up this strength and while we are making individual appeals, we urge our readers to recall the importance we attach to the help of prayer.

Masses offered by missionaries and other priests.....	500
Masses heard.....	1,984
Communions.....	1,165
Rosaries.....	2,740
Stations of the Cross.....	4,959
Novenas.....	169
Other prayers.....	53,715
Daily work.....	4,461
Sufferings and mortifications.....	4,425
Fasts and abstinences.....	2,189
Alms to the poor.....	1,285

\* \*

THE large and ever-growing number of priests who are showing an active interest in our work, has been remarked by our readers and we appreciate this splendid co-operation. Among letters which have come lately from priests is the following from one of the large cities in Pennsylvania. It is most suggestive and will be read with pleasure by many of our zealous clergy.

I have been stationed for some time in one of our large parishes and have gradually formed a class of boys who are desirous of becoming priests. Four of these have entered the Seminary and are doing well. Of the other fifteen, three have expressed something more than a willingness to take up missionary work in foreign countries.

In this I have given them some encouragement, because I am rather an ardent admirer of your excellent work. But before I say anything more to them on the subject, I wish to know what are the conditions and requirements of admission.

These three boys are of exceptionally good character; they have sound common sense, are strict in their religious duties and possess more than ordinary intellectual ability. They are robust in health.

By sending me some information in regard to your work, you will greatly oblige me.

It is sometimes said of us American priests that we do not make enough positive efforts to secure vocations, and that if we did, no possible field in this country or its possessions would be without consecrated laborers.

Perhaps what is said of us is true, even to a considerable extent, but the words which we have just quoted are proof of a fine spirit, that is bound to develop as we realize more fully the need of workers in all parts of the Church's vineyard.

### Our Subscribers.

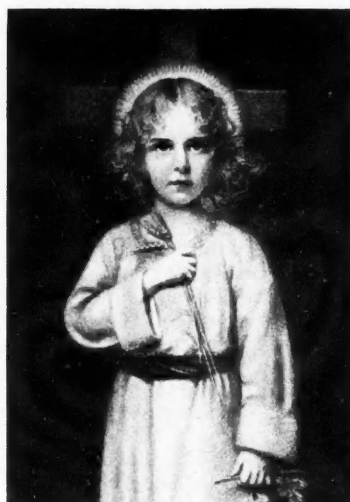
THE circulation of this paper does not depend upon agents. It has a *bona fide* list of 17,000, and this has been made possible to a great extent through our readers themselves, who like THE FIELD AFAR well enough to speak of it to their friends, and even to secure subscriptions from some among them.

This is a truly fine spirit and we acknowledge with deep thankfulness the substantial help which our readers have given to us in this way.

\* \*

"THE FIELD AFAR is not long enough." This sentence typifies an occasional kind criticism of these pages.

"Not long enough?" Of course not,—but neither is the day long enough, at least for us at



Whoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall not enter it—Luke XVIII. 17.

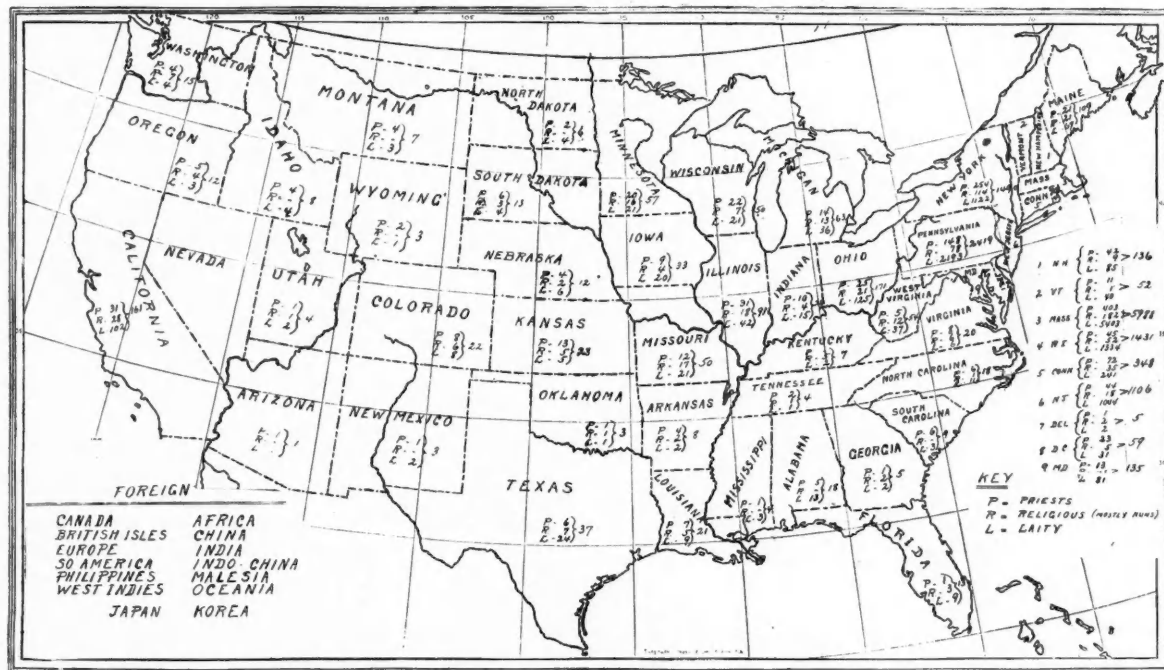
Maryknoll, and we are too short along other lines to permit an expansion of pages.

Some time ago, however, we told our readers that when we should reach a circulation of ten thousand, we would send out our paper every month without advancing the subscription rate.

We now tell them that when we reach the twenty-five thousand mark—and we are steadily approaching it—we will add more pages.

But remember—THE FIELD AFAR is its own agent. Your friends must be made *our* friends, and *you alone* can bring about an introduction.

Every month we order more copies of THE FIELD AFAR than we have subscribers. These are to be used for sample copies and they are at your disposal.



## A Page of Comment.



**A**MONG our interested correspondents to-day are professors and students from many seminaries, including those of New York, Boston, Rochester, Baltimore, Niagara, St. Francis (Wis.), and San Francisco.

**N**ORTHERN Italy is gaining in the number of vocations to the foreign missions. A recent letter from Father Manna, Editor of *Le Missioni Cattoliche*, tells us that in the Seminary at Milan there are more aspirants than ever before.

**C**ALLS for our French publications have come to us recently from several sources. These books are "Un Martyr de Futuna" (Pierre Chanel) and "Théophane Vénard." The cost of each is fifty cents, with fourteen cents and ten cents, respectively, for postage.

**"I NOTICE,"** writes a correspondent from Haverhill, "that you are selling the new edition of *A Modern Martyr* for fifty cents. I consider that very cheap."

We publish, not to make money, but to make friends for the Cause of Christ. The life of Theophane Vénard is today in 6,000 American homes. Extend it to 50,000 and we need have no fear for the development of a missionary spirit.

**W**ITH special interest we have looked over Father Elliott's *Parish Sermons*.

This eminent Paulist was among the first to urge us, several years ago, to start a foreign mission seminary, and we are glad of an opportunity to keep in permanent form the evidences of his priestly and apostolic spirit which this book reveals.

The sermons are arranged according to the ecclesiastical year, two for each Sunday and holyday. The volume is attractively printed, and bound in cloth. Price \$1.50. Postage 16 cts. extra.

**I**N our December issue we recorded Father Price's visits to churches and schools. We are pleased to add that he has since found a welcome and secured new friends for our work at St. Nicholas', Passaic, N. J.

Scranton claimed our apostolic associate for some time, and when his duties were finished there, he tried the experiment of interesting two score of well-to-do Catholics, the list having been supplied by a New York friend.

Traveling expenses—they were not twenty dollars—were met, but his time counted for nothing. Now don't think that we have a grudge against all prosperous Catholics. We can't have, because some have been more than good to us. But we record the facts for the observation of students in psychology.

**I**NQUIRIES in regard to the cost of educating a student for the foreign missions are a welcome sign of interest. Our answer to such questions would be as follows:

If a boy enters our preparatory school at Scranton for the lowest class, it will be about ten years before he is ready for the priesthood. We reckon the cost of his board and tuition at \$250 a year, his clothing, books, stationery, traveling expenses, etc., at \$50 a year. This would make a total of \$300, or for the ten years, \$3,000.

If the young man enters Maryknoll to begin his Philosophy, it will cost altogether \$1,500 for his board and education and \$300 for his clothing, books, etc.

A burse may be secured for \$5,000, payable in installments if desired. This money, put on interest, will support and educate, not only for ten years, but as long as our Seminary lasts, one student. If the burse be \$6,000 instead of \$5,000, the extra \$1,000, placed at interest, will yield enough to provide also for the personal needs of a student.

Our New Edition of  
**A MODERN MARTYR**  
sells for fifty cents.  
Postage ten cents extra.  
Address: THE FIELD AFAR,  
Ossining, N. Y.

**T**HE Curé of St. Loup, where Blessed Theophane Vénard was born, sent us a letter recently. In it he expresses his purpose of finishing at Bel-Air, just outside the village, a little memorial chapel which the late Canon Eusebius Vénard, the martyr's brother, attempted to build but was unable, through lack of funds, to complete.

It was at Bel-Air, as those who have read *A Modern Martyr* will recall, that Theophane Vénard, then only nine years old, received his vocation to the apostolate and his call to the martyr's crown.

## Way Down East.

**D**UE largely to the apostolic zeal of a Sister of Mercy in Bangor, Maine, we have received a gift of twenty-five dollars from the Carroll Reading Circle of that city.

This Circle was organized in 1910 and is made up of seventeen members. They live 'way down East,' but we should judge from their good names that the ancestors of most, if not of all, came from the Island of Saints. In any event, they kept the faith under the trying conditions which the early Maine Catholics endured, and now their children are anxious to spread it.

The Circle arranged a concert and lecture and it was successfully carried out in St. Mary's Hall. The musical program, short and refined, led up to a lecture on *The Work of Catholic Foreign Missions*, by the Rev. James A. Carey, pastor of Hallowell, whose earlier literary contributions to non-Catholic mission work are widely known.

This was a gratifying remittance that came from Maine and we feel the example will be followed elsewhere.



\* The Missions. \*

AFRICA.



EARTY Irish greetings come to us from Fr. MacLoone in Uganda, who writes:

Well, how are you at all, at all, as they say in Ireland? Judging from the brilliant accounts in THE FIELD AFAR, I should say that you would soon be a wee millionaire.\* More power to you! And may you become a millionaire ten times over!

In my daily Mass you and your new college are never forgotten. Our Christians, too, are always praying for your success.

In my recent visit to our various catechumenates I told the faithful about your grand work in America and said it was their duty to pray for you in particular and for all our benefactors in general. When I had finished my Mass the first day, up jumped *Danieli*, our head catechist, and to my surprise, made a further appeal for prayers in your behalf. I will give you the substance of what he said:

"Father MacLoone wants us to pray for that good priest in America who has charge of a great, big house where white boys study to become priests. When they have finished, they will come out to teach people like us the one true religion. Now, let us all, young and old, say a little prayer for this good priest and another for those good boys who are going to become priests."

*Danieli* made this appeal in all the catechumenates that I visited.

\* In pennies, at least.

\* \*

Little African Li(me)ricks.

By Fr. Patrick Rogan.

DEDICATION.

*[To the students of Maryknoll I lovingly dedicate these original ravings and I sincerely hope that when they come out here, they'll wear sun hats with bigger and broader brims than mine has.]*

PROLOGUE.

A short time ago—say three years or so—  
A modern apostle, quite feeble,  
Went home for a rest  
And by urgent request  
Gave a glowing account of his people.

This missionary, who, to give him his due,  
Had labored in deadly climes,  
Without much ado,  
Said, "Glad to meet you,"  
And delivered the following rhymes.

I.

In the world life's an ocean of strife,  
On the mission, a ditto of cares;  
For to-morrow don't think  
Of the verbs "eat" and "drink,"  
And when clothes are scant, *put on airs*.

II.

If modern apostles had nets,  
They could manage to pay off their debts;  
But a missionary now  
Who "puts hand to the plough,"  
Into trouble and woe deeper gets.

III.

Or if, like the Hebrews of old,  
Who learned trades—so, at least, we are told—  
By patching old tents  
We could square up our "rents,"  
We'd have joy in this life manifold.

IV.

For myself, though I joy in my calling,  
When the time to make ends meet is falling,  
I take up my pen,  
Then hide it again,  
For "appealing" is awfully galling.

V.

Some day when my creditors haughty  
(You know how they grin—aren't they naughty?)  
Say, "Charges are these,  
Six hundred rupees," \*  
I'll sit down, take my bill and write forty.

**An American Missionary in Alaska**

(Fr. Judge, S. J.)  
Price 50 cts. Postage 12 cts. extra  
Address: THE FIELD AFAR  
Ossining New York

VI.

Let readers who pore o'er these lyrics,  
Without going off in "hystyrics,"  
Reflect on this poem;  
The author—d'ye know 'im?  
Please help him—he's one of th' Empir-ics.

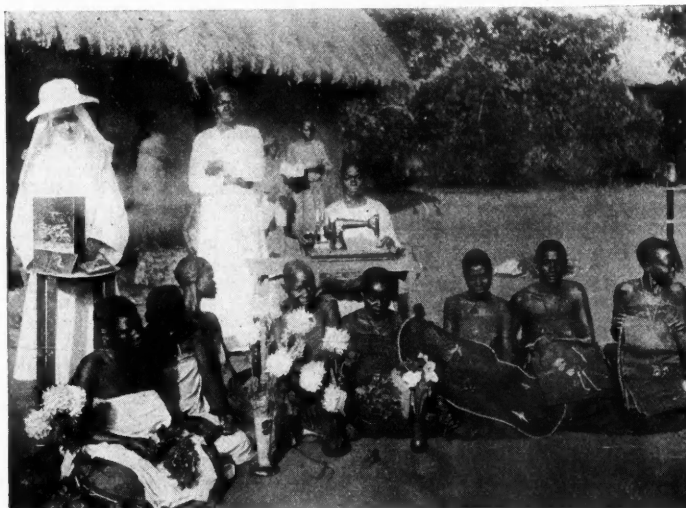
\* A rupee is about one-third of a dollar.

*[Given at St. Peter's Mission, Mumias, Kisumu, B. E. Africa. All rights and wrongs reserved.]*

Commenting on the above—  
(the reader will supply the noun),  
the irrepressible 'pote' says that  
he wrote the verses and mailed  
them to our office in cold blood.  
He adds:

I am 'certified responsible' for my own  
actions, though you may think that the  
sun out here is a trifle too hot for me  
and that I too, like my hero, am a bit  
feeble somewhere.

We suggest the present of a new  
hat, with allowance made for  
increase.



THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN UGANDA.  
(Photo sent by Mother Capistran.)

## INDIA.



**FATHER JOSEPH DEVLIN** is a new correspondent, but his name has a familiar sound and his letter is proof that he went out to India from Ireland. He writes:

I consider your land-slips great value, metaphorically speaking. I am sorry to see that St. Patrick's Burse is not getting the support it deserves. As soon, however, as we have given the finishing touch to Home Rule, we will surprise you. Perhaps even while we are still busy cutting blackthorn sticks to knock sense into those wooden-headed gunners of Ulster, we may find time to give you an electric shock or two—not, of course, with the blackthorns.

In the meanwhile, to keep the ball rolling, please accept a missionary's dollar towards this burse. I would send you more but I have my reasons for not doing so.

\* \*

**ONE** of our physician friends has written to several foreign mission addresses to get first-hand information on some interesting points that touch both missions and medicine.

His first answer has come from Archbishop Aelen of Madras, who writes:

There is a great demand in the foreign field for medical missionaries and you cannot do better than start a Catholic medical mission propaganda among American physicians.

Above all let me beg of you most earnestly to train medical women, for they are much needed in India. The influence of American Protestant missionaries is due mainly to their medical women, who are in charge of hospitals and are allowed, as men never are, to visit the *gosha* women of the country.

For years I have been longing for such a work, so strongly am I convinced of its necessity.

## IN OCEANIC ISLANDS.

**IT** wasn't and it was a red letter day. The sky was overcast and the mail made the poor-house seem nearer than usual, but our eyes were caught by some brilliant red stamps from the Fiji Islands and a superscription in blood-hued ink.

We had a creepy sensation as we unfolded the letter, and won-

## STORIES FROM THE FIELD AFAR

Fifteen Short Stories that breathe the Foreign Mission Spirit.

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dered if our correspondent had not plucked a feather from some bird and dipped it in the winged creature's blood, or his own, as he wrote to us.

Worse still, we read these words: "Nearly all the old people I live with, have eaten human flesh. They say it is the best meat they ever tasted."

But immediately following this direful sentence, we found the assurance: "They have given up their bad habits now. They are Catholics and very good Catholics, too."

This gave us courage to go back and read what good Fr. Guinard had to say of his mission in Hamosi:

There are traces of cannibalism everywhere around me. First, there is the *Vunagumu chair*, a flat stone covered with axe cuts. Whenever a man of the *Vunagumu* tribe was taken in war, he was brought here, placed in a sitting position and cut in pieces. He was then cooked and eaten.

Around the great chief's house there is a fence of *suva*, oblong stones set in the ground and standing about a foot high. In former days, when a young man went to war, he brought to the chief the first enemy he killed. As a reward, the warrior received mats, native cloth and a whale's tooth, and in commemoration of the event a *suva* was planted. If later on he killed more enemies, he painted his *suva* red. People tell me that if *suva* had been planted for all the men who were killed and eaten, the town would not be large enough to hold them.

Many people of the Masa tribe were 'served up' in those days, and the chief decided that they should be eaten with a kind of taro, called *kuruilagi*. I have six of these plants in my garden, as a curiosity. They have red black leaves, and when cut, they let drop a fluid similar to blood. In the days of cannibalism, they were not grown in ordinary gardens, but were planted in the ashes of a house burned for that purpose. When they were ripe, the chief would send a messenger to the village of the

Masa tribe to say that the taros were ready and some one must come. It was impossible to refuse or to run away. As a rule, the finest man in the place was chosen and roasted. Messengers were sent so often that the tribe has completely disappeared.

Thus on all sides there are evidences of the days when the Hamosi were ferocious cannibals—quite different from the gentle, pious Christians that they are to-day.

\* \*

## Apostolic Sufferings.

**BODILY** sufferings and mortifications are far from being the only ones which missionaries experience, and perhaps they are neither the most frequent nor the most painful. In any case, to quote the words of Bishop de Bourges, the first vicar apostolic of Western Tonkin, "The apostolic worker must join interior mortification to exterior, in order to love a kind of life which is so disagreeable to nature, and in order to make a holy use of the graces of his state. One who is associated with the designs of Our Lord for the salvation of souls, must not expect caresses and consolations. I do not say that he does not receive any, but if he does, they only serve to prepare him for suffering and to lead the way to the cross. He must be resolved to be always attached to the cross—to spend his life on Calvary."

\* \*

Do not let the thought of martyrdom affright you. Count upon the grace, the goodness and the mercy of God, which will assist you in most difficult moments. Respond completely to the will of God if He deigns to call you to so great an honor. Have confidence also in the intercession of those among your predecessors who have been raised to the altars. (*Cardinal Vannutelli*, at the Paris Foreign Mission Seminary.)



CONSULS OF MANY NATIONS AND AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICERS AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE NEW HOLIDAY IN CHINA.  
(Photo sent by Fr. Didace Arcaud.)

### The Glorious Tenth.

THE *Chefoo Morning Post* of October 12 came to us recently through the kindness of a much-interested correspondent, Fr. Arcaud, a Canadian priest attached to the vicariate of Shantung.

The paper, a well-printed folio edition, recorded the celebration of three great events—the second anniversary of the establishment of the Chinese Republic, the recognition of the Republic by the Foreign Powers, and the inauguration of the newly elected President and Vice-President. Our readers will be interested in the following extracts:

The function was held in the Beach Hotel, which had been suitably decorated for the occasion. Among the guests were Admiral Nicholsen and officers of the American men-of-war in port, the members of the Consular Body, all in full uniform, many of the leading merchants and other foreigners of the community. Mr. Wang, who spoke in English with exceptional articulation, said:

Peace and prosperity in China means peace and prosperity in Asia, and peace and prosperity in Asia means peace and prosperity in the entire civilized world. Now the Chinese Republic has formally been admitted as a member of the family of nations. This gives us great joy and satisfaction. My fellow-countrymen are fully determined to coöperate with the peoples of other nations in carrying on

the work of humanity. We are adopting not only a republican form of government, but also the spirit of republicanism, which, as we understand it, aims to secure the greatest amount of happiness for the greatest number. We beg you to join us in drinking the health of our newly elected President and Vice-President.

Dr. Phlenz of the Consular Body was then called upon by Mr. Wang and spoke in Chinese. The translation is as follows:

The Chinese Republic to-day is receiving congratulations from all nations. These congratulations include the sincerest wishes for the welfare and prosperity of this country. And surely China will enjoy such blessings. It is a vast country, fertile and rich, and it is on terms of friendship and harmony with all nations.

I raise this glass to the health and prosperity of the President and to the welfare and prosperity of the Republic of China.

The next speaker was Mr. Wu Kwan Chah, who also spoke in Chinese. He said:

On behalf of the twenty-six districts under my care, I beg to express our hearty thanks to you, gentlemen, the representatives of our friendly nations, for giving us the long-awaited-for recognition.

It is true that heretofore we had been carrying on official transactions in a friendly manner. But we prefer to be formally admitted as a regular member of the family of nations. It saves us, and also you yourselves, from many embarrassments. Now we feel happy and grateful. We beg you to share this feeling with us.

My fellow-countrymen are determined to make China strong and wealthy. We are going to develop our immense resources. We are going to introduce modern methods in government as well as in industry. With the characteristic patience and perseverance of our people, it is not too much to hope that our new Republic will become a world power in the not far-distant future.

While the *Saratoga*, one of our war-vessels, was in port for this occasion, Fr. Arcaud accepted an invitation to inspect it. He was very much touched when one of the sailors, sizing up the *soggarth*, slipped some good money into his hand for the need of the missions.

If Fr. Arcaud knew the Catholic American sailors as well as we do, he would have been surprised to get away from the boat without a weightier purse.

✦ ✦  
AMONG the guests at the inauguration of Yuan-She-kai, the new President of the Chinese Republic, was Bishop Jarlin of Peking. He alone of the heads of religious bodies was admitted in special audience to offer congratulations to the new President. Mgr. Jarlin was presented by Mr. Lu Cheng-Hsiang, a Catholic, ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs and Master of Ceremonies.

## How the Need Was Met.

By Fr. John Wakefield.



ISTER MARY AGNES sighed as the little group of girls left her and walked off together down the corridor. There were six of them, all graduates of last year's class who had come back to the academy for a brief visit during the Christmas holidays. Among the number was Kathleen Shea, Sister Mary Agnes' own niece, a talented young girl with a heart of gold that had already been worn bright with acts of self-denial for the comfort of others.

But neither Kathleen Shea nor any of her companions had even hinted that she would care to remain at the convent as a postulant. There had been twenty in the class and among them were several who possessed great possibilities,—for the religious life, of course. Surely it was exceptional that not one had shown a desire to return for more than a passing visit.

The good nun thought again of the pressing need of Sisters in all the houses of the Order. The tide was turning in favor of private schools and even non-Catholics were beginning to prefer putting their children under the care of religious rather than subjecting them to the godless and experimental training of a generation back.

"What is the trouble?" Sister Mary Agnes had asked herself a thousand times, and now once more the question was uppermost in her mind. Why should it be so difficult in these days to get girls to leave home for the service of God and souls?

Slowly the Sister walked toward the chapel. She was lonesome. She confessed it to herself even while she knew that her heart should be lighter than usual, now that it was relieved for a time of the responsibility that weighed on her throughout the school term.

So her first prayer was one of thanksgiving that the burden was lifted during a short interval, for the task of training young souls is a burden, sweetened though it be by the spirit of Christ and the love of Mary.

Then the thought of vocations came up again, but she swept away her disappointment by offering a fervent petition for this very particular need of the community.

She arose cheered, passed into the corridor and down-stairs to her desk. There work was always waiting for her, for Sister Mary Agnes was Assistant Superior, often Acting Superior, besides being Secretary, Treasurer and a kind of factotum who took upon herself—and was allowed to do so—the share of the 'giantess.' Just now, with a hundred needs pressing for her attention, she asked herself to which she should turn first.

A pile of magazines confronted her. They were the advertising medium selected for the school and she found more or less recreation at times in glancing over them, though her duties rarely permitted her to read privately any other than her spiritual books.

She opened mechanically the first that came under her hand. It was a foreign mission magazine published in New York State, which had been coming to the convent lately and of which two of the nuns spoke enthusiastically. She herself had not been interested further than to remark that foreign mission papers were something of a novelty in this country.

The world of Sister Mary Agnes had never been a very large one. From a small village in New York State she had gone to the Academy of Corpus Christi, an excellent school under the direction of some Canadian nuns who had crossed the border. Then within two months after her graduation she had entered the same house as a postulant, and had been transferred only once in the twenty years of her religious life. Yet her mind was a practical one, her

heart was good and her eyes saw on all sides work to be done.

The title of the paper caught her attention and there was just enough poetry left in her to comment upon it not unfavorably. Still she could not understand why, when there was so much to be done at the convent, people could be thinking about foreign missions. She recalled that only the day before, at the recreation hour, Sister Helena and Sister Mary Allegra were both lamenting the fact that they must work for the remainder of their lives at home, in a civilized country, rather than in China or Africa or some other outlandish place.

Mary Allegra she did not mind, because that good nun, the saint of the house, was now well advanced in years and having been relieved of her classes, needed some hobby to occupy her mind and give harmless food to her imagination.

But Sister Helena, the joy of the community, the most capable little body and soul that any convent ever possessed,—it really amazed Sister Mary Agnes to hear her, in the midst of all her duties, become enthusiastic over foreign missions.

Of course she would not check the tendency if it gave her young sister so much pleasure. After all, it was a laudable spirit and certainly did not interfere with Helena's usefulness. She admitted, too, that foreign missions are needed because the Church is Catholic. But who ever heard of Americans, so busy at home, thinking much on that subject?

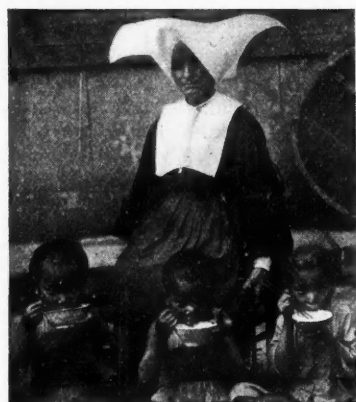
She turned the pages of the magazine rapidly, stopped to look at a picture of some Chinese babies being fed by a white Sister, whose habit she noted carefully, contrasting it with her own, and then laid the paper aside for the recreation room.

The subject of foreign missions was soon as far from her thoughts as China was from the Academy of Our Lady of the Mount, above Harmon-on-Hudson. Sister Mary Agnes resumed her work and her



world shrank to the limits of the convent grounds.

But her niece did not share this attitude. Kathleen Shea had come back to the Mount with a definite purpose in her mind. Not even Sister Helena, who was her very closest friend, guessed it, and the busy treasurer had never dreamed of it.



"She stopped to look at a picture of some Chinese babies being fed by a white Sister."

Kathleen had been inoculated by Sister Helena with the foreign mission spirit. The two had pushed mission mite-boxes under the eyes of every pupil and every visitor. Together they had devoured all the mission news that came to the house, just as soon as the Sister could release the papers from the recreation room, by this time rather shabby-looking, but still readable.

And Kathleen had been making inquiries. After graduation she had written to the editor of her favorite magazine and had been surprised to learn that if she wanted to go into a convent to prepare for the foreign missions, she would be almost in a class by herself. In other words, she would have to start such a house, unless she wished to join a community where her mother-tongue would be rarely heard.

It was then that it dawned upon her that most people in the United

States knew as little of foreign missions as she herself had known a few years before. Immediately an idea struck her. Why could she not devote her life to spreading in her native land a love for the missions? It would pave the way for others, in the next generation, to go to the heathen, and it would bring joy and many blessings to all who would learn, for it would help them to realize the happiness of self-sacrifice.

So she had written again to New York and asked what she could do. She had been referred to a newly formed community of women who were seeking just such talent as hers to make known the world-wide cause. She had visited these women and become thoroughly interested in their work. Then she had applied for admission and had been accepted.

But she had not told this even to Sister Helena, much less to her aunt or her own parents. Only her confessor and the Director of the Society which she desired to join, knew her purpose.

She anticipated some opposition both from her aunt and her family, but she had prayed hard and had a feeling of security in the course she was following. She was now twenty-one years old and some place in the service of God had been her secret ambition for many years.

It was on the Feast of the Epiphany that Kathleen spoke to her aunt. They had just come from the chapel, where they had knelt together before the Crib and each had offered to the Infant King the gold of an unselfish love that longed to spend itself in His service.

They walked in silence down the long corridor and stood for some moments looking out across the ice-covered Hudson to the hills on the opposite shore, now outlined against a mass of red from the glow of the setting sun.

Suddenly Sister Mary Agnes turned to her niece with the question, "Well, what about your

future? It is six months now since your graduation and I cannot believe that you have not yet chosen your lifework."

The opening was made and Kathleen unhesitatingly told her intention.

Her aunt frowned just a little. But she recalled the day when she had told her own father, Kathleen's grandfather, something at which he had frowned, and she knew in her heart that had he been less worldly, the frown would at least have been concealed. She straightway acknowledged to herself that she had no right to show disapproval, not at least until she had positive assurance that Kathleen was taking a wrong step.

So she plied the girl with questions and at the end of an hour she was convinced that her niece was on the right road. Then she brushed away all selfishness and encouraged her with the assurance of prayers and practical help.

Kathleen's eyes were filled with tears of gratitude. She knew that her aunt was disappointed but that grace had enabled her to make reason triumph.

The girl left the convent happy, though she was conscious that she would probably meet with opposition from her parents. She was agreeably surprised, however, when three days later, after a visit to one of her school friends who lived near the Mount, she reached home and found that her aunt had prepared the way. In a long letter, the Sister, while not concealing her own feelings, had shown the justice of Kathleen's position and the evil consequences that would follow a refusal or even a discouragement.

The girl offered many acts of thanksgiving that night, and her Communion meant much to her the following morning.

The next few weeks passed quickly and on the Feast of the Purification Kathleen Shea, retaining her name, joined the ranks of the little community of women—the first of its kind in the United States—who by prayer

and work, embracing literary, clerical and household duties, had united to assist the Foreign Mission Seminary in making its great cause better known throughout the country.

Kathleen already appreciated what it meant to be away from home, and she soon grew accustomed to her new life. With translation and editing, interrupted by some or other form of manual labor, and with prayers, spiritual exercises and recreation, the first year of her consecrated service went by more swiftly than any she had ever spent.

She had prayed much,—for the salvation of the heathen, for missionaries on the field, and for the Church at home, as well as for her own dear family and for her aunt,—but one intention had been especially strong. She had begged with all the fervor of her young soul that her example might help to arouse among those whom she knew, a desire to serve God, either where she herself had been brought, or elsewhere, as the need was pressing.

And her prayer was answered, for within another year three of her classmates, with whom she had kept up a correspondence, applied for admission at the Mount and were not refused.

Sister Helena was radiant when she heard the news, for it illustrated a principle in which she had come to believe implicitly,—that for every vocation to the foreign missions several will be found to meet the needs at home.

And Sister Mary Agnes began to realize this truth, too.

*Maryknoll, January, 1914.*

\* \*

THE mission press at Techny, Illinois, is ever active. Two recent publications that have come to us from this source are the life of Arnold Janssen, Founder and First Superior General of the Society of the Divine Word, and *For Christ's Kingdom*, a strong appeal, with a telling exposition of the Society's contribution to mission work. Price, twenty cents.

### At Maryknoll.



THE family is increasing. A new student arrived in early November and before December had advanced to the great feast of Our Lady, a real, bearded missionary was with us, 'to have and to hold,' at least for some time to come.



MILL HILL AT MARYKNOLL.

Let us present him at once—Fr. Peter Besselaar, a native of Holland, an alumnus of Mill Hill, England, a former missionary in Borneo, later in the Congo, and now, ladies and gentlemen, one of the Maryknoll pioneers.

We are pleased to have with us another representative from Mill Hill, and we are prepared to hear all kinds of stories of mission life from this war-scarred veteran. It is quite possible that our readers will meet him again as time goes on.

WE have made no direct appeal for the Seminary additions—we were afraid to do so with the land-sliding. But quite

a few observant readers, after seeing the frontispiece drawing of the Seminary in our December issue, decided that we would have to pay for the improvements and argued that we needed the wherewithal. Their judgment, which was quite correct, prompted action, and we gained so much in consequence.

Next month we are going to tell how we stand in relation to these improvements.

OUR students have asked for a few old cassocks. As they are not accustomed to loose habits, this appeal will affect diocesan priests, rather than members of religious orders. We hope the latter will take no offense.

There are in rectories and chaplains' closets, many good cassocks that we could use if we could only lay our hands on them.

WE asked for one clock and received four. Three were alarm clocks and the fourth was a mantel-ornament, but each keeps time and will find a place.

We had in mind, when we wrote, a long-pendulum clock with an alarm loud enough to be heard through the house, so that if we happened to be troubled with insomnia, we could go to sleep between the ticks.

ONE of our priests had been away from Maryknoll overnight, staying in a certain monastic establishment. He remarked, when he returned, that he had slept but little the previous night, because a mouse had actually pushed open his eyes.

This brought forth from our latest arrival, a former missionary in Borneo, the statement that not infrequently in that country a sound sleeper wakes in the morning to find all the hard skin removed from the soles of his feet by night-workers of the rodent family, all chiropodists.



OVER a year ago we received from several sources, including the Tabernacle Societies of Boston and Cincinnati, a supply of vestments. Since then we have not asked for more, although we have not had the necessary number even for such a baby Seminary as ours. Our reason for this omission was not so much timidity (our readers understand this) as the want of vestment cases and space in which to put them.

We can now place two of these indispensable sacristy furnishings. We have already ordered one to fit into the simple lines of the enlarged Seminary chapel and we need something similar at St. Teresa's Lodge.

In these two chapels from three to six Masses are said daily, three at a time. You will remark that this means at least three vestments of each color, white, black, green, purple, and red. We don't dare to think of feast day vestments or of the dalmatics for a solemn High Mass, although a seminary should be provided with every appointment called for by the liturgical rules.

Vesting cases and vestments then, dear reader! Each of the former will cost a good penny; each of the latter, from \$15 upwards. If you are interested, perhaps you will be able to interest that society of which you are an influential member.

ONCE in a while we get a letter of inquiry about the more or less famous "Rockefeller lawsuit." Moreover, when we are introduced to people who know nothing about our work, they usually 'come to' if some one happens to mention the troublesome but useful land case. That part of our history has left an impression.

Some of our friends think we have already in the bank, or in the hands of former creditors, the goodly sum we expected.

Well, we haven't.

In August, 1913, after our second victory, a final appeal was taken. We were not surprised, for we had suspected that this would happen.

The case will now have to take its turn at Albany. This means perhaps another year's delay, but we can afford to wait. It will stimulate us to greater efforts to keep afloat and if (we feel more like saying 'when') the oil runs, we will see that it does not go to waste. In the meantime, you who pray for friends and causes, should keep our intention in mind.

### The Late Mr. Gobbler.

SOME of our readers will recall that on the memorable occasion when His Eminence Cardinal Farley visited Maryknoll, our turkey gobbler behaved very badly. As our beloved spiritual protector appeared, the proud bird spread all his crimson, raised his fan-tail, and with a sweep that indicated supreme contempt, unceremoniously stalked away.

The fall that comes to the proud was inevitable. From the day of the Cardinal's visit, this haughty creature's plumage began to fade and fall, while the fan opened rarely and with difficulty.

The appetite continued good, however, and ounce by ounce the body gained in weight. Under these conditions capital punishment was decreed and sentence pronounced for Thanksgiving.

When that day arrived, it was thought wiser to defer the end until Christmas, for two reasons. In the first place, Mrs. Gobbler would be needed to accompany her never-absent lord, and, as is usual with her sex, was not quite ready; in the second place, one of our pigs had reached the fat limit and his rations were needed for others.

So we had pig for Thanksgiving and reserved Mr. and Mrs. T. G. for Christmas. Everything on our table that day was a home product,

**A FOREIGN MISSION BURSE**—to share in such may be one of your privileges. To contribute to the formation of a priest who later will remember you at the altar, is indeed a privilege which a devout Catholic would give much to possess.

Each of our Burses, or foundations, will provide for the education, not only of one priest, but of many in successive generations.

Every Burse represents \$5,000—which will be carefully invested so as to draw a yearly interest sufficient for this splendid purpose.

except a few cranberries that grew under the shadow of Plymouth Rock, some candy from the outside world, and a pot of coffee. But Mr. and Mrs. T. G. held the centre.

OUR Teresians have good hearts and willing hands. They have some failings, too, like all the rest of us, and among them is an unrestrained impulse to do everything at once.

This gets them into trouble once in a while, as happened in November when our *Second and Final General Land-Slip Appeal* went out.

On that occasion they were like puffing automobiles with the power turned on, for the book-keeper had told them that the old gentleman who runs the ranch would have to go out and beg, borrow, or steal in order to face the first of the month with even one clear eye.

So as soon as the letters and inserts were ready, the faithful Teresians pushed all out at once, just as if it were a Field Afar Day, and excluding priests, religious, missionaries and other exiles, some 13,000 pieces of mail passed from our office to unsuspecting subscribers.

But the active Teresians quite forgot that already their day was too short for the work at hand. They were undeceived, however, two days later, when the mail bag disgorged a hundred letters—as a starter. The days that fol-

lowed bore similar records for the space of a week. At the end of that time the Teresians were exhausted but happy, for, to quote from any one of many popular writers, "the run on the bank was stopped."

Now, dear reader, don't get a wrong impression about our land-slip return, from what appears above. The response so far has been gratifying. When we send out an appeal to 13,000, we do not as a rule expect to receive answers from more than 1,300, one out of ten. This is a good proportion, due to the fact that our prospective benefactors are already kindly disposed towards us.

Perhaps you are one of those who answer such appeals at once, considering our gain as your own and esteeming it a privilege to be reminded of our need. In this event you will be tempted to ask, "Why don't the other nine-tenths respond?"

"Patience!" we answer. Some of them will do so a little later. Some will never do so but would if they could. Some have no ink nor stamps handy. Some have been thinking about answering, but never when they are near the post-office.

None—and we are really in earnest—none of those to whom this appeal went, would wilfully keep back from us the dollar that could free one hundred feet of our land.

All our friends may not be most practical, but we value their good will, which not infrequently secures for us through others, that which they themselves fail to give.

*Watch the Land Slip* into our unconditional possession.

#### TO BE DISPOSED OF:

Sept. 1, 1912 . .	4,450,000 feet
Jan. 1, 1913 . .	3,780,000 feet
Nov. 1, 1913 . .	3,315,983 feet
Jan. 1, 1914 . .	3,199,935 feet



**SISTER MARY LOUISE**, who is now well known in this country as "the Japanese Sister," called at Maryknoll one day while the editor was away from his desk—or, to put it more exactly, from one of several tables that are his for the use.



THE JAPANESE NUN NOW IN AMERICA.

We were sorry to have missed this much-traveled and zealous nun, but our students and the Teresians profited spiritually by her visit.

\* \*

#### A Glimpse of the Vénard.

(From a Student's Letter.)

**DURING** the past month many things have caused us to believe that our Apostolic School is becoming recognized and is gradually working itself into the hearts of those interested in our work. Chief among these is the number of visitors with whom we have been honored.

We were surprised one evening by a call from His Lordship, Bishop Hoban, accompanied by Fr. Neagle of Boston. The Bishop was pleased with the happy at-

mosphere surrounding our little community and he imparted his episcopal blessing to all. After promising an extended visit in the near future, he left us, not, we hope, without a still warmer affection for his new charge.

Our Reverend Superior was here for two days. The students heard from his lips the entire history of the founding of the Society, which, though covering but a short space of time, is replete with interesting events.

Our Vice-Rector, Fr. Price, stayed with us for two weeks, during which time he greatly endeared himself to the students. Rev. Fr. Melley, the venerated pastor of one of the city churches, called one day and left with us a substantial token of his regard. Other visitors were Rev. Fr. McCarthy, S.J., of New York, Rev. Fr. Donnelly, of Dorchester, Mass., and Rev. Dr. Brennan and Rev. Fr. Burke, who are connected with St. Peter's Cathedral in this city.

On Friday, November 21st, we celebrated the birthday of Blessed Theophane Vénard. We are fortunate in possessing valuable relics of our patron,—a lock of hair and a piece of his cassock, which have been mounted through the kindness of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. After night prayers we had veneration of the relics in our humble chapel and each felt himself drawn nearer to the blessed martyr.

The usual cheerfulness of the students has been augmented by the fact that each passed his examinations successfully. The week following the examinations, Bishop Hoban read the marks and awarded the prizes for the first quarter. He made special mention of the Vénard Apostolic School, expressing a desire that some of the students of the college would choose the foreign missions as their lifework.

Every Saturday afternoon we take long walks to the various points of interest about Scranton and these walks act as an exhaust



valve. We exercise not only our limbs but also, when we are at a safe distance from the city, our lungs, which are cramped to a certain extent during the school week. In the evening before study we take a short walk, which we find an excellent bracer. On Sundays we attend Benediction at the Cathedral and to this we always look forward with much pleasure.

Many people have inquired as to our needs, but being very young, we are likewise very backward and have not yet expressed them. Still, when our visitors gaze expectantly at the walls, their disappointed look causes us many heart-pangs. Without a doubt four bare walls are an excellent incentive in geometrical deductions, but we hate to discourage the aesthetic sense of our guests. So if any of our art-loving readers wish to dispense with some of their surplus pictures, we should be glad to use them in covering up the rents in our wall paper.

Regardless of our needs, however, we manage to remain happy and wish you all the joys of the season.

OUR readers will be pleased to note that three out of our seven apostolic aspirants in Scranton were mentioned for prizes at their quarterly examinations.

THE Vénard Apostolics have an organ, and it was given by George, a large-hearted Scrantonian.

The chanting of these youths will now be tolerable, for an organ, like charity, covers a multitude of defects,—if the organist happens to know how to use his instrument.



*Sliding, still sliding. Send for a Land-Slip and try it for yourself.*

### Providence Bountiful.



CERTAINLY Providence has been good to us. Large gifts are rare indeed, but the smaller offerings that come laden with good cheer are most welcome and assure us of friends for time to come.

I send the price of a hundred feet myself and will pass the land-slip on to some one else.

I am enclosing an order for twenty-five dollars. I am much pleased to send you more money than you sent me land-slips.

With God's help I will try to send you one land-slip each month this winter and I will continue to offer up a prayer every night for the Catholic Foreign Mission Society.

I think it would be so much better for each to pay two dollars instead of one and thus free the land of debt soon. But I hope it will not be long before you can call the ground yours.

I am glad to be able to own a little corner of your holy ground. May God continue to bless and prosper His holy Cause through the Foreign Mission Seminary and all who have espoused it!

I believe that if I work hard, I may be able to fill more than the one land-slip you sent me. So please let me have five. There's nothing like trying and I would rather give you five dollars than one.

I am enclosing two dollars for two land-slips. I had already addressed an envelope in which to mail one, in thanksgiving for an increase in my salary, when I received your earnest appeal and decided to send the second.

Upon receipt of the enclosed card, I concluded that the value you placed on the land was too small. Hence I raised it to five cents a foot and collected accordingly. I know you won't object, but you would better keep the information from the tax commissioner.

You will find enclosed one dollar—one bean from old Bean Town. I wish it were a plateful. I am satisfied to know that it is going to be planted in good, rich soil.

Keep up the great work. I am glad to have even a small share in it and will always try to be with you when called upon. (From Boston, Mass.)

WE are grateful to a New Hampshire nun for a thank-offering—and for the interest of which it gives evidence.

A CHALICE has come to us for the first student to be ordained at Maryknoll. The gift is "from Rev. David J. Murphy by his friends."

EVEN our friends at the Catholic University would be unknown. Here comes a letter in a priest's handwriting (this on a wager), and with it a jubilee offering.

THE "new stencil" idea is catching and we are glad to note it. It is usually expressed by a few extra stamps to pay the cost of changing an address and it always makes us feel like shaking hands with the sender.

A SEMINARY professor in California writes:

I take great pleasure in sending you this land-slip filled by the pupils of our Fourth Latin Class. Let us hope and pray that some day at least one of them will hear and follow the divine call to the foreign missions.

THE Rev. Dr. Lambing, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has subscribed for fifty copies of THE FIELD AFAR, to be distributed among his school children. He is also kindly sending us some valuable works on Theology and Scripture.

WE did not ask for them but many good angels suggested that jubilee offerings would be acceptable at Maryknoll. Several such offerings came and we returned none.

The jubilee time is past but we wish to register our thanks.

MY pastor asked me to get my friends to help me fill some of your land-slips."

This is the kind of co-operation that our fellow-priests with big, Catholic hearts give us. May God

make their labors for the stay-at-homes more fruitful through this charity!

\* \*

A BOSTON friend, sending a gift for the Vénard Apostolic School, writes:

Enclosed please find one dollar for the "little brother in Scranton," if he needs it any more than the big, brave brother at Maryknoll. I wish it were not one, but ten thousand.

\* \*

IT cost our benefactor, good Fr. Hally of Malden, just \$121.34 to make one of the last payments on an insurance policy which he turned over to us some months ago. This zealous priest's interest in the mission cause has never waned. May his parishioners profit by his splendid example!

\* \*

A CATHOLIC mother — a grateful convert she is— writes:

It is always mite offerings that I send you, but I can assure you that I send them with all my heart and that I thank God for giving me a mite to return to Him. It is a pleasure to read of the wonderful things Our Lord is doing for you.

\* \*

A MUSICAL and card party held by one of our good friends at Cazenovia, in New York State, has brought us a welcome gift of \$41.15. No door fee was charged, but the guests gave whatever offering they wished. The affair was carried on with the full consent and approval of the pastor.

\* \*

A YOUNG priest sent us five dollars that we might have a sip of wine and a turkey at Christmas. Now don't be shocked. We promised to drink to the health of our benefactor and to tickle our chins with a feather from our turkey, but we have not yet committed ourselves on the temperance question. As a matter of fact, we are all temperate here—and expect to remain so, with the help of your prayers.



WHERE MOTHER WEAVES THE CLOTH AND FATHER "SPINS THE YARN."

#### PARTIALLY COMPLETED BURSES.

Towards Providence Diocese Burse . . . . .	\$3,000.00
Towards Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse . . . . .	2,220.00
Towards St. Joseph Burse . . . . .	1,205.00
Towards St. Stephen Burse . . . . .	337.00
Towards St. Lawrence Burse . . . . .	150.00
Towards St. Patrick Burse . . . . .	510.50
Towards St. Boniface Burse . . . . .	100.00
Towards B1. Theophane Vénard Burse . . . . .	605.00
Towards Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse . . . . .	441.44
Towards All Souls Burse . . . . .	885.91
Towards Unnamed Memorial Burse . . . . .	175.00
Towards St. Francis Xavier Burse . . . . .	105.00
Towards St. Anthony Burse . . . . .	65.24
Towards Holy Child Jesus Burse . . . . .	492.40
Towards Holy Ghost Burse . . . . .	50.00
Towards St. John the Baptist Burse . . . . .	20.00
Towards All Saints Burse . . . . .	46.80
Towards St. Francis of Assisi Burse . . . . .	25.00
Towards Little Flower of Jesus Burse . . . . .	33.00

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated, if desired, in memory of the deceased.

\* \*

#### A Last Hour Announcement!

LITTLE Mary Knoll\* has a new mother. Her name is Catherine Louth, and she lives in Providence.

Providence will take little Mary under its protection, and Mary ought to keep her sawdust for many years.

(For further details, see next issue.)

\* Little Mary Knoll is a beautiful, big doll owned by Miss Frances Oliver, of Catonsville, Md., a good friend who has sacrificed her treasure for our benefit.

#### Less than Two Dollars.

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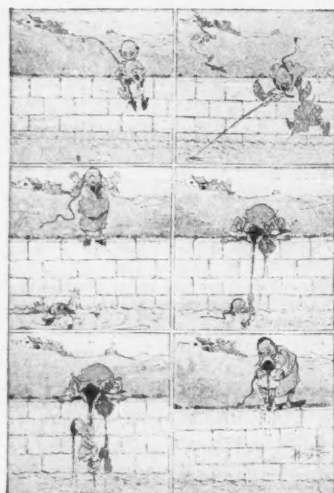
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